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A DISCOVRS OF THE PRESENT  
TROOBLES IN FRAVNCE, AND  
MISERIES OF THIS TYME, COM-  
PYLED BY PETER RONSARD  
GENTILMAN OF VANDOME,  
AND DEDICATED VNTO THE  
QVENE MOTHER, TRANSLATED  
IN TO ENGLISH BY THOMAS  
IENEY GENTILMAN.

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M. D. LXVIII.



A P A S S I O N.

VVhen grymm dispaire, vvith the graspe of grieslye vvooes,  
 In plounged myndes, do vvorke the muses vvracke:  
 Then boylinge heades turmoyles, the hammars gooes,  
 And he vvorms dryues, as dothe the sommers racke.  
 No kindly course, his propper plyght reteanes.  
 Sommond vvith the cayres, so fayred it by me,  
 By soddayne dryft, as stormes by mystye raynes,  
 Do chooke th'aire, and bryghtnes of the skey.  
 In suche a plyght, did all my senses stand,  
 The storme begann, vvith in my restles brayne,  
 And from my eyes, the streames vvere streight at hand,  
 That on my cheekes, sharpe shovvres do vvne did rayne.  
 Eche he vvorm did (as surges soyles them selves,  
 On muddye shoores) vvith the rughe reflex contend.  
 Eche veyne pust vpp, as though vvith flotyng eveles:  
 Did ranficke oft, vvhat vvay to vvrest or vvend.  
 My bodye chylld, as all amasd vvith the vvoo:  
 My trymblyng fleshe, hott age vvies did conspire:  
 My clustred lymes, on frossen heapes did grove:  
 And streight resolud, as though attacht vvith the fyre,  
 VVhere in my corse, a stubburne vvarr begann.  
 My sobbes supt vp, vvith the snatchyng breathe redovvnd,  
 And smookye sieghes from clovddy brest forth came,  
 That estsouns forst, a shatterynge hollovve sound.  
 But vvhat it vvvas, that bredd me all this caire,  
 My silence shall, recorde his cureles dumpe  
 In careles mynde, that yelds not to dispaire:  
 Nor bragge of fickle fortunes vvorldly brunt.  
 In mase of vvoo, and in this caise vvvas i:  
 Tvvne hope to riese, and feare, to faid, or fall,  
 VVhen first my frend, presented vnto me  
 This mournynge uerse, of plaintfull FRAVNCE his thrall:  
 And badd me vvrest, my vvearye muse to synge,  
 Of clatterynge armes, and fyerye MAVORS moude:  
 Of hatefull vvarr, en forst by ENVYES styng:  
 To baythe his handes, vvithin his countree bloude.  
 Not halfe ypast, the threats of vvwynter sadd,  
 VVhen SATVRNE had, styrd vp the GAVLES to armes.  
 My mormynge muse, in sorrovve all ycladd,  
 Gan then to vvryet, of theis dewyded harmes.  
 My shaykyng hand, my plaintfull pen begann,  
 To vvayle the FRENCH, and present stayte of man.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
MY VERIE GOOD LORD AND  
MAISTER SIR HENRY NORREIS  
KNIGHT. L. AMBASSADOUR RESIDENT  
IN FRANCE.

The bale begonne, is when deformed warres,  
Whith civil stroake, embrewes his natie swoorde.  
For were it not, that rage of rancours roote,  
By growinge evils, had watcht so blacke a tyme,  
I weane envie, by suche owtraginge splene (ge  
Had not brought foorth, this fowle mishapen chan-  
In maymed state, that RONSARD wayles in ryme,  
And I reduce, whith not resemblinge penne,  
To Englishe grace (though in vnskilful verse)  
By frendes enforst to publish now abroad:  
Whiche I present (SIR) to yowr shrowdinge hande,  
No Trophée, nor masse of mighty myne,  
Nor golden somme, but as à miete of fame,  
Where power failes t'vnlade affections force.

Your bounden servant  
THOMAS IENEY.

A.ij.



# AD THOMAM IENEIVM

## EPIGRAMMA.

Gallica si laudem Ronsardi Musa meretur,  
 Dum deflet patriis patria fata sonis:  
 Et tua, digna suis Ieneie est laudibus, eius  
 Anglorum in numeros dum breue cogis opus:  
 Nam tibi materia est eadem, decurris eodem  
 Tramite, Pieriæ doctus vterque lyræ.  
 Ille canit patriæ mœstus fera damna ruentis,  
 Tingit & Aoniis Gallica verba fauis:  
 Tuque sequens vates Musæ vestigia Gallæ,  
 Sollicitas doctis plectra Britanna modis.  
 Gratia quæque illum comitatur blanda canentem,  
 Emicat, in versu nec minor illa tuo est.  
 Sic vatem vates vertens, quas ille meretur,  
 Efficis vt laudes sint quoque iure tuæ.

D. ROGERIVS.

### FAVVTES ESCAPED IN PRINTINGE.

*The leafe B.iiij. seconde syde, last verse for echo es reade eckoes. The leafe follovvinge, fyrst syde, the 24. lyne, for, ou blacke Moorey, reade thou blacke Moores. At the ende in the sonnet, in the ende of the sixt verse, for fame, reade, tame.*





A DISCOVRSE OF THEIS  
PRESENT TROBLES, AND  
miseries of this tyme.



ENCE that by diuine might of God,  
The worlde was first y framd,  
Who lent vs life, as nature hight,  
Vnspotted and vnsteande,  
If then from age to age, encrease  
Of vice, had entred in  
To humain hartes, and rowted nowght  
But rage of cancred sinne,  
Then longe to fore, shold extreme wrath  
Of malice and of might,  
Surmonted al, and wee haue led  
Our liues in sineful plight:  
But sence we see, ech sort of men  
In Sondrie place and Ile,  
Some walke as in a vertuous way,  
And some doo live but vile,  
We owght, and must confesse by force,  
That this difformed vice,  
Owght not to boſt of victorie,  
But as by fowle surprise



Pursewes that trade, that she enioyes  
That day when man is cladd,  
With vertues and with vices robes  
In habit good or bad.  
Ne yet vertew it selfe, do owght  
Augment her gladsome bandes,  
If she had but encreast eftsonnes,  
Her fame with heauid vp handes,  
Had strecht vnto the tipp of gloor,  
And ech thing shoold accourre,  
By perfit meanes to golden happe,  
Which present we abhorre.  
But as it semes to Royal states,  
And to ther pompeus trayne,  
And manners eke, throughe tract of yeares,  
We see it thus remayne.  
For sometyme vertue beares à sale,  
And sometyme vice aboundes,  
Thone erectes hym selfe, with force,  
The other sinckes and drowndes:  
Rebayted thus, rechast with might,  
The painful minde applyes,  
Lest that, with in this sineful woorld,  
Encrease of vice arrise.  
It pleased thus, the puissant god,  
To enterchaunge our might,



And suffer man, within the lap,  
Of good and bad to light.  
As dooth the painful pilot oft  
Conduct his crased boate,  
In bitter storme, and quiet calme,  
Twene hap and happles loate.  
(Thou Quene) that from thie sappie wittes,  
Dooth shake of ignoraunce,  
And redes and heares attentiuely  
Our Martial feates of Fraunce,  
Thow knowest, and canst fulwel decerne  
Beholdinge our debate,  
The difference of eche tyme forpast,  
And of our present state.  
To write of kinges, ther maners eke  
In blood sometyme embrewde,  
And some unspotted and unsteande,  
That lyud with fame pursewde.  
My hande doth shake, my feble pen  
Is not in perfit plight,  
My Muses all do mase to see  
The frutes of dire despite.  
Ambition doth with thirstie throate,  
And wide deuouringe pawe,  
Stirre vp à thousand strifes and moo  
Withowt respect of lawe:

B.ij.



Some one are lame of wit an skil,  
And some with reason flowes,  
And some of feble hart agayne  
Ther nedeful cause foreslowes.  
As princes do professe and are  
So subiectes do encline,  
For princes are a paterne prest  
Unto ther peoples eyen.  
It then behoues in tender age,  
For to enstruct eche kinge,  
How with advice he may conduct,  
And gouerne euery thinge:  
Even from his cradels fyrst he ought,  
To haue before his eyes,  
The feare of God, his erlie scourge,  
That through misorders rise.  
And eke he ought so wel prouide,  
And so ordaine and way,  
The trewe and perfit lawe, that none  
Do erre or runne astraye,  
By scisme or by pernicious sect,  
By false or forgd devise,  
That intricates nowght els but dowbtes,  
By wicked mannes surmise.  
MADAME alas I wayle to see  
The cloudy bitter storme,



That threatens Fraunce, such wrackes of woos,  
By wynters wrathe y torne.  
The flaggy snowes, the dampishé mystes,  
The furre of the skyes,  
The bowstiours windes doo woorcke the seas  
And fominge surges rise.  
And nowe the starres, the guidinge twynnes,  
Disdaynes ther glad some light,  
Stand stifflye (MADAME) to the sterne,  
To guide the barcke out right.  
In mawger of the heydeous wyndes,  
And rough malicious storme,  
Conduct to harbor man and mate  
In shipwracke thus y torne.  
Whole Fraunce with folded handes requires,  
An thryse requires thy meane,  
Our sillye state (a pray to suche  
As scorne our noble reigne)  
That thou wilt haſt that happie meane,  
That may those evels redresse,  
And by thy right and might appease,  
Thes mischeffes more and lesse.  
The Royal pride of haughtie seate,  
The pompe of princely law,  
That quiet held the mace of might,  
And regal swoorde of awe,



In bosome of the heauenly light,  
What may their sowles now say?  
Yea what may they that shrowded are  
In cowche and tombe of clay?  
VVhat may the Royal PHARAMOND  
And CLODIVS insigne?  
What may proude CHARLES, kinge PIPIN eke,  
And LEWIS of that tyme?  
VVhat maye CLOWIS in Armer clad  
And Martial MARTEL say?  
That yerst whythe prudent pollecye,  
Did raigne and rule alwaye.  
That whithe there valiant Armes stil sought  
For to inlarge oure state,  
Ye first found meanes by conqueste great,  
To gaine this fertel seate.  
VVhere in their stateley goulden raignes  
Of warlike Gaules we reade,  
And howe wythe Armed men were seen  
The barren feildes ouer spreade.  
Not thus by Ciuell sawage warrs  
Oure state to ouer tourné,  
But sought by rigor of the swourde,  
Our lustye fame to fourme.  
Imagen that you heare the skrikes,  
That echoes to the skies



And so redoundes from heigh againe  
To yearthe wythe dowlful cryes:  
VVhat may our foremer fathers saye?  
And lustie men at armes:  
That in theese conquestes perrilous,  
Receyvd their mortall harmes?  
And died: to effraunchise Fraunce,  
VVith longe and yerkesome toyles,  
To see oure selves wythe Civell swourd,  
Distroye oure native Soyles.  
They may répyne and yeke repent  
Their lothesome blouddie broiles:  
Their quarrels and their conquests thus  
Subdewd wythe warlike toylis  
For souche a people thus distroaght,  
For souche diuided strife,  
That loosethe while they myght inioye  
A shore of happie leife,  
A fructeful soyle a fertel lande,  
That thou of BRVTVS source  
VVhere fominge seas on loftie sides  
Dothe beat wyth rage of force,  
And drinckes upon Thamasis springes.  
And also ~~on blacke Moory~~, thou blacke moore  
That in the westerne waues do live,  
And buylde on Libicks shores,



Fearinge the flames of Phaëton  
Declininge on thy head:  
And thou proud Prince of poumpus traine,  
That confines one oure syde,  
And thou prowde Goate to Armour prest  
That proves strives to wyne,  
VVho fees the Northen coulde some tyme,  
One roughe and riveled skin:  
By Martial feates of glittering Armes  
Ne yet by blouddye fight,  
Could neuer daunt or tame by hand  
The GAVLES of warlike might.  
The Axe of hardnid stele y wrought,  
And quyck of cut y framd  
Makes oft the labour easier,  
Unto the woorke mans hand.  
And warlike Fraunce, yf sharpe of witt,  
And prudent pollecie,  
Ought nowe to quicken wythe there force  
The dymnese of the eye:  
And by their labour so reduce  
Their wealthe to gladsome stats  
And to the hatchet heow we see  
The taulest okes abats.  
VVhose weale no raginge armes could daunt  
Nor threat of forraine foo,

Them



Them selfs whith bloudye C Y V E L knyfe,  
Now seekes to ouerthrow.  
So was stronge A I A X brought vnto  
His baleful blowdie end,  
VVhilst throughe his corse, his brutishe hand,  
The sauage knyfe did send:  
And R O M E that wondred longe each state,  
(A Monarke built of pryd,)  
VVho from Appollos ruddy bed,  
Vnto the westerne side,  
His E M P I R E whithe his largest skirtts,  
And boundes ystretched farr,  
Reuoltinge once, by C Y V E L sworde,  
Decayed by countrey warr.  
Yf theis be hateful presidents,  
By plainteful hasserd's thral,  
And wee not warnd how to beware,  
To read of others fall?  
Ought not we to be wayle oure wronges,  
That in a cloud of wo,  
Oure eyes whithe blyndnes so forecaste,  
VVe can discerne no fo?  
That present now to plunge of wracke,  
Dothe threaten yeke decaye,  
And we headlonge in myserye,  
Can not eschew the waye.



The forraigne Prince whithe warlike swourd,  
Whose wars are plaine to vs,  
Doo pittie oure absourdities,  
And state tormented thus,  
That blount of wyt we feele not now,  
How oure Dysastre tournes,  
And that we see, and wil not see,  
How wayward fortune spornes.  
Of Longe record of antique fame,  
Manye haue here tofore,  
By thretninge and by fearful signes,  
Presaged lesse and more.  
Namelye withe in soche yeares and dayes,  
That headdy franticke GAWLES,  
Whithe CYVEL shocke and natie swourd,  
Should shake bothe towne and walles:  
And that of filthie murders ofte,  
Oure trowbeled estate,  
Should render vs of al estates,  
The most vnfortunate.  
While like to blowndred crowes in mystes,  
We headlonge ronne to Armes,  
Not knowinge how to shunn or shifte,  
The sequel of oure harmes.  
An to declare oure selfs more wyse,  
We neuer gaue no truste,



To trewe precepts nor ruled, oure lyues,  
But euer to oure lust.  
But obstinate and blynde as were  
The **H E B R V E S** of foretyme,  
That trusted not the Sacred wordes,  
Of those whiche did deuine.  
The godds that hauinge some respecte,  
Vnto the stray ned sort,  
Sent in oure tyme soche wonders ofte,  
That might oure lyfes exhort:  
Whithe waterie eyes for to repent,  
And wayle our wycked syn,  
And to repaire the breache wile wee,  
A better life be gin.  
The Skies whithe showers did wayle oure wrake,  
Be fore oure tourmoyles were,  
The Commetts from the Eſterne Syde,  
Whithe threates did foule appere,  
And **S E I N E** whithe ouer flowinge waves,  
Of far unwonted force,  
Did denotate, and we might deme,  
To **P A R I S** some devorse.  
The waters in their swelling wrathe,  
As though whithe fominge fume,  
They woulde by mightie ouerflow,  
The synful worlde consume:



That heauen and earthe did as it weare,  
Threaten oure Royall Realme,  
A daye of bytter sharpe reuenge,  
And Ruine of the same.  
O thou that writest of warlike workes,  
Whithe not dissemblinge pen,  
Depaint at lengthe oure monstrous age,  
To feare and warne all men:  
Recompte vnto oure tender youthe,  
Oure fatalle myserye,  
That readinge they maye ke bewayle,  
Oure state whithe watery eye,  
That they may lyue and yeke beware,  
Of theyre forefathers synn,  
Lest they by headlonge error do,  
Right to soche evels fall in.  
Wythe what vnsheamefast face mayest thou,  
O Uyle tormented lyfe,  
Be hold the storie of oure tyme,  
In thys myshapen strife:  
In Readinge that oure Septer hathe,  
And Kinglie famus rase,  
From first so manye yeares to forne,  
Indured whithe glad increase:  
And nowe runnes rashlye to ruine,  
By rage of martiall might,



Even as the strongest rocke is forst,  
From heighe to low to light.  
The storie wytethe howe I O V E some tyme,  
In rage whithe hewmaine rase,  
That would by curious meanes invent,  
His godhead to displace:  
And soughte to know his deuine might,  
VVhithe in his Sacred Ile,  
VVhiche no man might to enterprise,  
That are prophane and Vile,  
One daye by pricke of youthe the god,  
From heigh seate would remoue,  
To finde owt dame Presumption,  
To entertayne in love.  
VVhere at the foote of heigh O L I M P E,  
Sounde sleepinge where she laye,  
Refte from her tender lippes a kisse,  
And este sones stale a waye.  
VVhere whithe the prophaine god conceaud,  
Souche rancour in his mynd,  
That all his meanes was for reuenge,  
Upon the heumaine kynd,  
VVhere at the heauens was wrothe to see,  
The vile lasciuious god,  
And so agreed that he shoulde fele,  
The scourge and smartinge rod,



Refte than of Sacred godhead quite,  
By strange transformed meane,  
From ryueled aged hyde became,  
To tender skyn agayne,  
From fleetinge youthe to manlye state,  
As he stept forwardes still,  
Whythe oute restraynt he wrought a meane,  
That might succede his will,  
What fancye framed in franticke braine,  
What youthe unsemelye ment,  
What thinge prophane and vile might be,  
That he not easelye hent,  
Pouste vp whithe peacokes pride as dyd,  
His beastlye raigne begyn,  
So dyd his mounstrous shape declare,  
The forme of ouglye syn,  
From forth his fyrie eyes broust out,  
A strange deformed flame,  
And noughte but fraud and fycle baytes,  
Dyd harbor in his braine,  
In poysoned hart was nourisht nowghtt,  
But lothesome loue deuysed,  
Vnder his habit raggd and rent,  
AMBICION sat disguised,  
Whithe twyned looke yet delycate,  
As is the SEREN S face,



And yeke a dulced tounge enfeſte,  
Whithe prowde and paynted grace,  
His winges were lightely borne, his feete,  
Weere nether fleſhe nor bone,  
A ſhadow but, that non may heere,  
VVhen he was fled and gone.  
In Sacred ſcooles the ſubtell god,  
Fonde meanes to lodge and dwell,  
Onlye to blunt and blynd there wyttes,  
VVhithe deuine arts that mell,  
And to that ende to plunge in wo,  
Theire curious wyttſ that ſoughte,  
As arrogant the heauens to clyme,  
To knowe eyche Deuine thoughte.  
This ſowle transformed I O V E that thus,  
Becamme prophane ad vile,  
Hathe brought this monſterous exchange,  
And vprores in this Iſle,  
Demaunding now to nedie Fraunce,  
From S A V O Y E ſome Supplie,  
From S P A Y N E and from eche Chriſtian foo,  
That nere confyning lie,  
And alſo of the man of warre,  
That preſte to ſound of dromme,  
Drinckes of the flowd of D A N V B Y,  
VVhithe channel deepe that ronne,



And of the sylver streames of RHEYNE,

Whithe lustie sydes hempt in,

Who dothe bestride the barbed horse,

His Martiall fame to wyn.

In this deformed change the sonne,

The fathers feare whithe stode,

The brother yeke whithe stayned hand,

Ybaiths in brothers bloud:

Yea Nature clene degenerates,

In weake and femall kynd,

Aud glowinge spite by pride conceales,

The rancor of the mynd,

Extracte from howse of Native lyne,

Bereaues the others life.

The seruile man in maisters bloud,

Whithe stroke of stayned knyfe,

Imbrues his hands, (O bluddie bale)

O Nature foule confused:

The man contract in bandes we see,

In Nuptiall bed refused,

The fruct of foes, by fraude of frendes,

He maye peruse that lust,

How ferme is fraude, how fraile is faythe,

How tycklie now is trust,

How as from HYDRAIS head intrudes,

The plumes of peryshe pride,

And



And how whithe duble faced wronge,  
Tymes truthe is sloly tried.  
The infant from his cradel crept,  
Deuorst from parents awe,  
Standes vp and stifflye dothe dispute,  
Of right and Sacred lawe.  
And euerie thinge do cleane declyne,  
Whithe out restraint of might,  
Abandonnd are all CYVEL meanes,  
Of polecye and right.  
In this deformed change eche crafte,  
By painefull handes sustaynd,  
VVho rept his fruct by labour sweet,  
Is now no more mayntaind.  
The herdeman dothe (dismayed man,)  
Refuse his simple charge,  
The advocate hathe now no meane,  
To wrest his law at large.  
The steerman leaues his floting barke,  
To drenche the seas a lone,  
The trafique of the spendinge hand,  
Is now reiect and gone.  
By this mishapen Monster eke,  
The wise and ware deuise,  
Is by his malice cleane transformed,  
To lewd and fylthie vyce.



The tender youthe in learned scooles,  
Traind up to expert yeares,  
Corrups his fraile and tender age,  
Whithe fonde and foule defiers.  
The vilest crafte do yeke transforme,  
His pickaxe and his spade,  
His pitcheforke to a pike and yeke,  
His hatchet to a blade.  
And wyll no more whithe togge of ploughe,  
Teare up the flatie soyles,  
But in a sword begert pourshewes,  
This franticke Cyuel broyles.  
Mute is the mouthe that would controle,  
That Error nowe subornes,  
There blinde and brutishe appetits,  
No Iustice now reformes.  
To foule and vile lycencious vice,  
Now libertie permitts,  
Disorder and deformed will,  
In open iudgement sitts.  
Now eche man proles for pryuate gaine,  
And gredy lust to wrenge,  
The massie gaines of goulden sommes,  
That soche disorder bringes.  
In this blacke tyme the starres do warre,  
The heauens do frowne at this,



To see this Chaos vpon earthe,  
VVhere forme and fascion is.  
Vpon this dolefull stage scarce did,  
The prologue once begone,  
Before oure woes unladed weere,  
By conductes of the eyen,  
Sence that blacke tyme of lateful warres,  
And hateful myserie,  
VVee haue not supt vp all aune sobbes,  
Oure eyes be scarcelye drye:  
Attacht of new unhappie tyme,  
From worse to worse we fall,  
Eche resteful place, Eche quiet seate,  
Of Cyttye, Towne and wall,  
Hathe whithe foule breache of promise heighe  
In triall of there truthe,  
Revolted and to bluddye Armes,  
Theese Cyuelle stormes pours hewethe.  
For fyerie Mars hathe this decreed,  
In wrathe and raginge moode,  
To power downe theese plagues on Fraunce,  
Bestaynd whithe Cyuell bludde:  
I wraſt whithe wretched cares and woes,  
Of stormye wynter threates,  
VVee fleete in waues of warlike sounge,  
And crased sydes that beates.



As dothe the barke in stubberne blastes,  
Of mast and mayne berefte,  
Of marenner of man and mate,  
And yeake of pylate leaste.  
The painefull hand of skilfull mate,  
Denies to to holde the helme,  
In goulfe of playntefull myserye,  
Oure state do ouerwhelme:  
Decayed wytte how blunt art thou?  
That could not see the tyme,  
VVhen as the fatale Sisters did,  
Draw fourthe their vitall twyne,  
And left the soche tryumphant yeares,  
Of longe and happie age,  
As in thy bosome neuer myght,  
Crepe in soche beastely rage,  
Of glowinge spite by cruel Armes,  
To bathe the synful handes,  
In bowells of thye native shore,  
That gylteles thee whithe standes.  
Unhappye GAWLES unhappye men,  
And thrise unhappye race,  
That thus distraught sekst to distroye,  
Thy fertell native place.  
Defamed sword of Regall awe,  
Blushe at thy feeble right,



Devided thus, decayed art,  
Of Law and publique myght.  
Unhappie seate unhappye state,  
That now vnsteadye standes,  
From lofty throne in case to fall,  
In to Ambicions handes.  
Looke to your proude estate you GAWLES,  
You GAWLES of ancient name,  
That neuer staynd whithe ouerthrow,  
You might conserue your fame,  
In quiet forme, as yerst to fore,  
Youre fathers in their tyme,  
VWho longe mayntaynd a quyet reigne,  
From all vnshamefaast cryme:  
From headlonge broyles, from Cyuell woundes,  
From suche defamed warre,  
That in this age (unhappie tyme)  
VVe see apparent are.  
Of happie and of quiet Lyfe,  
VVe see the glasse ronne out,  
The wrackes appeares from clowdye skye,  
Now MADAME looke a bout:  
Make cleare a bourde, in stormye seas  
The master shoves his skill,  
Reforme these franticke braines that thus,  
Do ronne on headlonge will.



Restrayne whithe stedy raignes these men,  
That whithe unbrideled heade,  
Haste to the stage of fyerie armes,  
Theire native blud to sheed.  
Respect the hassarde of oure state,  
Respect oure present Raigne,  
Appease this quarell and debate,  
That mangles thus our fame.  
Redresse our vile dismembred age,  
Of most deformed life,  
Seeke how to reconcyle these warres,  
Of vile and hatefull strife.  
Seeke to avoyde thys fowle Eclips,  
Of warr and Cyuell broyles,  
Seeke to be nūme the synfull handes,  
That in these mischifs moyles.  
Seeke howe to cleere the clowdye threats,  
Of this deformed sonne,  
Seeke to repare this curlish breatche,  
In sauage harts bogon.  
Reforme whithe heedful care oure state,  
That thus transfigured are,  
Respecte ô QVENE this sequell now,  
Of this unwonted warre.  
Repaire ô QVENE whithe tymely care,  
Oure wealthe now ouerthrone,



Some good hand gripe the stable hearme,  
To shipwracke as we ronne.  
Our plaintefull state in throwes of wo,  
In hassard of decaye,  
Calls helpe of none but thee (thou **QVENE**)  
That beareth now the swaye.  
The tender yeares of pompous kinge,  
And proude unstayned seate,  
That neuer yelded to no calme,  
Nor pusshe of coursed fate,  
Assiste nowe with thy sage ad'vice,  
Assist whithe pollecye,  
Assist oure Realme lest worne to wracke,  
VVhithe wringed handes we crye,  
Unhappy raigne unhappie life,  
Unhappie eke the wyght,  
Unhappie eke a thousand tymes,  
The rule of female might.  
Let not the earthe be staynd whithe blud,  
In plunge of hatefull harmes,  
Exclayme and whithe outraging skrikes,  
Complame of Cyvell armes.  
VVhose hateful and displeasent yoke,  
Of presant plage we feele,  
Disarminge vs unhappie **GAWLES**,  
Of all oure wonted weele.



Of all oure proud and pompous prayse,  
 Of all oure antique fame,  
 Our honor flets, the glorie ebbes,  
 Of our Tryumphant name:  
 What longe tofore in foremer age,  
 Our fathers fame hathe won,  
 Vnhappie we vnhappie GAWLES,  
 Vnhappie haue vndon.

F I N I S.

A sonnet to the translatour.

As Homers streaminge source, of springinge head doth flowv  
 In Grekische cloustred camps, by Troians reard to fame:  
 As Virgils matchinge stile, doth vveaue in smothed frame,  
 The peased pliant vvoordes, of vvightes that lye ful lov:

So RONSARDS blovvminge grafted (from them as you may knowve  
 By ruthful mourners minde) doth vvoordes from parentes ~~fame~~, *tame*  
 VVaylinge vvith broken seighes the fyerie kinghtes of name,  
 That braue vvith glitternige svord in fiede to smyte the blovv  
 Of dedlye massie fiste, (most deu to vvaylful Fraunce)  
 Sent from myld God, that doth vvith splayed armes inhaunce,  
 The lastinge painful scourge, to vvhippe the thanckles flockee.

If creed may credit geue, to dysmalles iudgmentes day,  
 I thincke the same hath taught, IENEY to outforth bray,  
 An Englishe pleasant phrasē, not far from RONSARDS stocke.

Ferd: Fyldinge.

E L E G I A.



ELEGIA

DANIELIS ROGERII ALBI-  
MONTII ANGLI, DE PERTVR-  
BATA CHRISTIANI ORBIS  
REPVBLICA,

A D

ILLVSTREM VIRVM, HENRICVM NOR-  
RICVM, AVRATAE MILITIAE EQVI-  
TEM, SERENISS. ET CHRISTIANISS.  
PRINCIPIS, D. ELIZABETHAE, ANGLIAE,  
Ec. REGINAE, AD KAROLVM NONVM  
GALLIAE REGEM, ORATOREM.



AD ILLVSTREM VIRVM HEN-  
RICVM NORRICVM.

Tristia conueniunt si carmina tristibus horis,  
Tempore nec luctus, si dare læta decet:  
Hæc ea, NORRICI, quæ tristia tristibus horis  
Offero iudicio scripta legenda tuo,  
Non ingrata tibi spero ventura legenti,  
Defleo dum tristi tristia fata lyra.  
Adde quòd est æquum cum flenti flere piúmque,  
Publicus & tangit pectora iuncta dolor.  
Ipse etiam in lacrumas dum lumina soluimus ægras,  
Egeritur, gemitu fit quoque cura minor.  
Hinc tibi, credo, tui IENEI Musa probatur,  
Quòd queritur patria publica damna cheli.  
Quòd si nostra etiam poterunt lugubria, puris  
Auribus, indicio & complacuisse tuo,  
Tempora quàm præstant genialia tristibus horis,  
Temporibus lætis tam meliora leges.



E L E G I A,

Ad illustrem virum, Henricum Norricium, Au-  
ratae militiae Equitem, Sereniss. & Christianiss.  
Principis, D. Elizabethae, Angliae, &c. Reginae, ad  
Karolum nonum Galliae Regem, Oratorem.

**M**issus es Orator Galli dum Regis ad aulam,  
NORRICI, & patriae consulis usque tuae,  
Ecquid ut est omnis facies tristissima mundi  
Cernis, & ut praecipue in sua damna ruat?  
Cernis, & haud melius te regna ruentia quisquam  
Prospicit, incertas cernis adesse vices.  
Nam tibi non tantum clarorum stirpe parentum  
Contigit, & nasci nobiliore domo:  
Sed quoque prudentes tribuerunt numina sensus,  
Abdita queis aliis quaeque videre soles.  
Adde quod aerumnas praesens queis angitur orbis,  
Ipse etiam lippus, tonsor & ipse videt.  
At tua mens causas sensu praesagit acuto,  
Et tibi praesentis constat origo mali.  
Scilicet orbe furens toto bacchatur Erinnyes,  
Insidias, belli semina prima, ferens.  
Nec fas, nec rata pacta sinit, verumque fidemque  
Tollit, & est horum fraudumque dolusque loco.  
Victa iacet pietas, terrasque exosa profanas,  
Religio, caelum regna priora, petit.  
Ambitioque levis magnorum pectora Regum,  
Sollicitans, odij tetra venena ciet.



Hinc Bellona manus tortis armata flagellis,  
Accensis animis cogit ad arma viros.  
Hinc pavor, hinc luctus, hinc plurima mortis imago  
Perturbant cunctis gaudia nostra locis.  
Ergo nec Virgo, nec iam Saturnia regna  
Longius in terris quas coluere, vigent.  
Aurea Pax cessit niueos lacerata lacertos,  
Et Charites terris eripuerunt fugam.  
Deliciaeque hominum Musae fugere, nec illas  
Qui foueat vasto vix viget orbe locus.  
Ipse fides fractasque lyras abiicit Apollo,  
Nec iuuat auratam nunc tenuisse chelyn,  
Quin pharetra promens sua tela, en strenuus arcum,  
Lunat, ut hac sola se tueatur ope.  
Omnis amor fugit, lacera Concordia palla,  
Aethereos petiit venerat unde tholos.  
Quam cuperem Maiores etiam ad sua regna redisset,  
Esset ut à tantis libera terra malis.  
Ille etenim dextra latè sua fulmina vibrans,  
Inficit humano triste cruore solum.  
Nec pudor integritasque iuuant, furor omnia miscet,  
Martis ubique metus, mortis ubique pavor.  
Fœlices quibus antè datum, meliora videre  
Sæcula, cum pietas cumque vigeret amor:  
Cum Pax alma domos coleret, nec miles iniquus,  
Turbaret patrios Marte furente deos.  
Nunc nec grata dies, noctisque ingrator umbra est,  
Felleque vipereo qualibet hora madet.



Ecquis enim locus est quem non perrupit Erinny?  
Quem non sacrilegi militis arma replent?  
Personat armorum terras fragor horridus omnes,  
Quæque parit tellus, sanguine fota putes.  
Omnia deuastat gens Mossyneca sub arcto,  
Russica qua gelidos Duna pererrat agros.  
Sarmata bella fremens Henetos inuadit: & Hunos  
Innumero oppressos milite Turca premit.  
Et sexennali miscentes prælia bello,  
Cimber in exitium triste Gothusque ruunt.  
Germanisque habitans passim discordia campis,  
Nescio quos motus insidiisque timet.  
Belga sub Hispanis queritur noua vincla catenis,  
Excuteretque iugum si daret hora ducem:  
Quin etiam Mauors discordibus implicat armis  
Illa Calydonia proxima regna plagæ.  
Quæque fuit quondam rerum domina Itala tellus,  
Quam variis dominis seruiat illa vides.  
At diuisa ruit plusquam ciuilibus armis,  
Gallia, & in proprias effera fertur opes.  
Nec modus ullus adest, nullus pudor, omnia legum,  
Iuræque naturæ militis ira premit.  
Ipse pater bellum natis indicit, & arma  
Filius in patris colla verenda gerit.  
Frater & in fratris dstringit viscera ferrum,  
Quis memoret siccis vel legat ista genis?  
Illum Caucaiseis prognatum cautibus, horrens  
Fouit inhumana & dura papilla lupæ.



Interea fidei seuissimus imminet hostis,  
Et iaculo & seuus fulmine Acinacio.  
Quis furor est, externa vocant dum bella, manúsque  
Turcica Christiadum dum sitit usque necem,  
In proprios seuire artus, & vulnere mortem  
Alternò, diris accelerare modis?  
Tam subito oblita es belli cladisque prioris  
Gallia, ut hei rursus ciuica bella velis?  
Aspice quas toto regno circunspicis arces,  
Quod de ciuili Marte querantur, habent.  
Non cernis viduata suis tua rura colonis?  
Oppida diuitiis & spoliata suis?  
Sulphureis quassata globis quæ mœnia quondam  
Hostiles poterant temnere salua minas?  
Squallida præteritos deplorant rura tumultus,  
Et Druidum vestris ossibus albet ager.  
Ah! melius purges infectos sanguine campos,  
Quàm noua funesto prælia Marte noues.  
Facta prius, nondum coijt miseranda cicatrix,  
Quid renoues igitur vulnera clade noua?  
Quisquis es, es tanti primus qui turbinis author,  
Te pœnæ ultrices fata & acerba manent.  
Tristia qui populos cogens ad bella quietos,  
In niuæ pugnæ religionis opus.  
Non ita vis quorum verus successor haberi,  
Induerant populis arma ferenda suis.  
Alma procurantes sanctæ sed commoda Pacis,  
Et bene commissas hi tuebantur oues.



*Iam video instantes, te sic cogente, ruinas,  
Sanguine iam video rura madere pio.  
Forſitan & denſis circumdata lilia ſpinis,  
Tempus adeſt perdant protenus omne decus.  
Nam quis rebus opem (NORRICI) præbeat, orbi  
Tam deſperato num quis adeſſe queat?  
Conſilijs nullus cùm ſit locus, irrita vatum  
Cùm vota, undoſum per mare ventus agat.  
Quod niſi certa meam fallant præſagia mentem,  
Iam ruimus ſubitò, tu niſi CHRISTE iuues.  
Tu niſi CHRISTE iuues, noſtræ qui cauſa ſalutis,  
His poteſ auxiliio ſolus adeſſe malis.  
Adſis, at oppreſſis Dux CHRISTE ſalutifer adſis,  
Afflictâſque iuues maxime Paſtor oues.  
Paſtor oues tueare tuas, quas perdere paſtor  
Qui ſerus Auſonia regnat in vrbe, ſtudet.  
Reſpice noſ, tutique tuæ ſub robore dextræ,  
Da precor aduerſas vincere poſſe manus:  
Pax redeat, noſtrôſque lares tranquilla reuiſat,  
Et comites, pulſas orbe, reducat ouans.  
Cana fides redeat, redeant probitâſque pudôrque,  
Aſtræa & ſolitis det pia iura locis.  
At lites valeant, valeant at prælia, ſæui  
Exulet immani Martiſ at orbe furor.  
Quæque tuam niuea defendit pace Sareptam,  
Tuta ſit auxiliis ELIZABETHA tuiſ.  
Audiit, & cælo ſpes in mea pectora venit,  
Et melior ſpero qui venit annuſ erit.*



*AD GVLIELMV M NORRICIV M,*  
*Henrici Norricij fil. natu max. summæ spei*  
*iuuenem, Epigramma.*

Stemmata nobilium quòd sis Gulielme parentum  
Ortus, & innumeros quòd numeres atavos,  
Clarus es, & populo charissimus inde Britanno,  
Nobilis & titulum fulgidâque arma geris.  
At potius puræ virtutis captus amore,  
Quòd vitas vitij semina quæque mali,  
Quòd pietate refers niueo & candore parentem,  
Est tibi quòd curæ cum probitate fides,  
Nobilis & verè clarus Gulielme probaris,  
Hinc tua nobilitas suspicienda fuit.

D. ROGERIVS.

ANNO CID IO LXVIII.  
CALEND. IANVAR.



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